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VOL. 36.—No. 45.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1858.

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CADENZAS.

WRITTEN BY ALFRED MELLON, AND SUNG BY MADILLE SOPHIE CRUVELLI, AT CORK, IN 1854.



IN RE "HELM斯LEY," OR THE "ADVENT HYMN."

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

DEAR SIR—I am induced, by the near approach of the season of Advent, to forward you the result of recent investigations touching the origin and history of the hymn tune known as "Helmsley," or the "Advent Hymn," feeling assured that if publicity be given to the particulars which I have gleaned, the entire unfitness of that tune for divine worship will be more generally acknowledged than at present, and "popular" taste at last be disposed to yield to what I may assume to be the earnest wish of every qualified and conscientious organist on the subject.

My own conviction has always been that the tune in question must have had a secular origin, and it was therefore with no little satisfaction that I last year obtained a clue to its having formerly actually figured as a *hornepipe*! In 1773 appeared, at Covent Garden Theatre, O'Hara's burlesque, entitled *The Golden Pippin*, in which the notorious Miss Catley played the part of Juno. In the following year was published a collection of dance melodies, entitled "Thompson's New Dances," at page 16 of which appears the following:—

MISS CATLEY'S NEW HORNEPIPE IN THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.



and this, except at the last two bars, contains, in due order and rhythm, *every note of the popular Church-tune (?) known as "Helmsley," or the "Advent Hymn"!*

We shall now find, from the same source, that not even the last two bars of our "Helmsley," are left totally unprovided for. In the edition of O'Hara's said burlesque, in 1776, Juno has a song in the third act headed and beginning thus:—

"Air 5. GIOREDANI.

"On Nabob's throne despotic,
O'er Omrah's thou shalt blaze," &c., &c.,

and there is an *appendix* to this edition, informing us that since the printing of the foregoing impression, the following variations have been made in the representation—

"Page 40, Air 5. Instead of 'On Nabob's throne despotic,'

"Guardian angels, now protect me.

"Where the mortal can resist me?

"Queens must ev'ry honour gain," &c., &c.

and in "The Music in *The Golden Pippin*," published about the same time, the foregoing words are found in conjunction with the following tune :



The whole of the first period of this tune has a most unmistakeable relationship with "Helmsley" and with the *hornepipe* previously quoted, and the 7th and 8th bars of both periods clearly shadow forth that concluding portion of "Helmsley" which is wanting in the *hornepipe* itself. Thus our "Helmsley" is now complete.

In curious old collections of songs, the foregoing tune appears (but generally in A, the genuine key of "Helmsley") to the following words :

"Guardian Angels, now protect me,
Send, ah send the youth I love;
Deign, O Cupid," &c., &c.,

and it is in the recollection of some whom I have consulted, that with these words it was a popular street-ballad in the latter part of last century. From all this we gather that "Guardian Angels, now protect me," was the name by which the tune was commonly known, which accounts for its being so referred to in the edition of *The Golden Pippin*, in 1776. And now follows a very remarkable additional link connecting "Helmsley" with the sources I have adduced. *I am most credibly informed that this tune, "Helmsley," is to be found in some collection of Psalmody, under the title of "Guardian Angels,"* by which name I am given to understand that it is still in some places recognised.* I sincerely hope this may be corroborated.

In Sheridan's farce of *The Camp*, the words beginning—

"When war's alarms enticed my Willie from me"—
were sung to a tune also having many points of resemblance to "Helmsley."

* Probably these two words, in the absence of the context, may, in many cases, have warded off suspicions as to the secular origin of the tune, and so facilitated its introduction into the Church.

I have, at considerable pains, gleaned these particulars from a great variety of sources, including much valuable information from my esteemed friends Mr. William Horsley, Mus. Bac. (since, I regret to add, deceased), Dr. Rimbaud, and Mr. W. Ball, of literary celebrity. I may also state that my friend Mr. T. H. Severn had in his possession a copy of an old hornpipe, containing "Helmsley," nearly as satisfactorily as that in *Thompson's New Dances*, and entitled "A Celebrated Hornpipe, as danced at Sadler's Wells," with a frontispiece of Harlequin in terpsichorean attitude. This is unfortunately mislaid, and I have not been able to find another copy.

I esteem this scarcely the opportunity, if even you could afford the space, to enter into any lengthened argument to show how unfit are not only such manifestly secular tunes as "Helmsley," but *adaptations altogether*, for the purpose of Corales, and how false must be the taste which approves of such things. But lest any might seek refuge in the well-known but certainly most unlucky saying of an eminent divine, that "*it is a pity the devil should have all the pretty tunes to himself*," I would merely remark on the propriety of all music used in the Church not only being free from extraneous and unworthy associations, but moreover possessing an unmistakeable stamp of *speciality* for its high purpose; and whether the outpourings of assembled souls to their Creator be in the form of supplication, praise, fear, love, hope, or despondency, music, of which all that can be said is that it is *pretty*, certainly cannot in any case be a fitting vehicle of expression.

I thus freely offer the results of my inquiries, and should their publication in any degree promote the banishment of such discreditable tunes as "Helmsley" from arenas to which they are in every way so unsuited, my aim will, in corresponding proportion, have been achieved.

I am, dear sir, truly yours,
CHAS. E. STEPHENS.

2, Howley Place, Maida Hill, W.,
November 1st, 1858.

WESTMINSTER PALACE BELLS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Allow me to say a word or two in reply to a Letter which appeared in your last number, signed "A Clergyman."

Your Correspondent states that my proposal to end each chime on the tonic note (thus affording repose to the musical ear), is exactly what is not wanted—"no full close in music should be permitted while the subject is still in a state of development." Admitting this last statement, let me ask, who in composing a solo, having ended the first section or strain with the dominant note, ever inserted in the following space, "an interval of fifteen minutes rest?" Your correspondent's line of argument, therefore, does not meet the point in question.

As to what is said about the want of rhythm in my notation, I remark that the form of construction, as written for bells, and the observations on the notes, clearly show that the latter indicate sounds of equal duration, so that there can be no *quantitive* rhythm, and in such a case, bars or no bars, *qualitative* rhythm can never be expressed by bell-chimes. There is, however, something like rhythm in the progressions. And this leads me to add, that in my system each quarter of the hour is distinguished from the others by a different series of melodious sounds of a bold and decisive character.

Your correspondent says the original notation for the chimes has a sprinkling of melody. True: but certain unmeaning progressions, occasioned partly by the frequent introduction of the heaviest quarter-bell (giving out a sound nearly as grave as the hour-bell of St. Paul's Cathedral), will undoubtedly mar the effect. The arrangement may not be equally objectionable for ordinary bells, such as those at Cambridge, from which it is copied. But these unmeaning solos played every hour, night and day, upon the deep-toned bells at Westminster, will, to say the least, constitute a tiresome mode of telling the flight of time.

I am, sir, your most obedient servant,
T. WALESBY.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Having noticed an article in your periodical apparently cut from the *Christian Examiner*, I think it necessary for the cause of good music to offer a few remarks, not only for the sake of music itself, but for the justification of those who are unceasingly employed over materials, the moulding of which is a task presenting difficulties only to be realised by those who experience them. In the first place, the *Examiner* correspondent draws a comparison between German and English congregational singing. Now we all know that Germany is essentially a musical country, and England is *not*, and we also know that music is taught, and, in fact, in the German education is a *sine quid non*; whereas, in (we may say) the middle classes of England, money spent in music-lessons, and musical instruments, is considered wasted. We wish it were otherwise, but in only too many instances is it a fact. How, then, can it be possible, that the music used in the church or chapel can be kept at that low ebb which admits of the congregation embracing it? for it cannot be disputed that the most ignorant and uncultivated voices are always, and always will be, heard above the rest. A man can have but little music in his soul who would attempt to coerce or roll back the tide of music, which *now*, more than at any period of England's history, is advancing with a rapid and yet sure progress. If the *Examiner* Correspondent wishes the whole congregation to join "as the sound of many waters," let him be instrumental in the purification of that at present turbid stream, and raise them to the level of the more scientific, who can hardly in reason be expected to return to that primitive chaos, even to attempt to rescue those to whom nature had denied the same faculties. None but those who have had their nerves tortured by discord and inability on the part of learners, whom Nature has so utterly forgotten in her distribution of harmonic tympana, can see the almost insurmountable difficulty attending the instruction of these unfortunate individuals. With very few exceptions (in proportion to their achievements in other sciences), the English people are utterly devoid of innate musical talent, compared to the countries with which comparison is drawn. People *may*, by constant application, be taught to execute certain rhythmical phrases correctly; but, unless an electric communication is kept up between voice and soul (which can be there only by birth), no refinement of modulation can be obtained, without which the *forte* and the *piano* might as well be spunged from the vocabulary.

The tendency which our congregations have to drag, and get flat, even in the simplest tunes, is at once a proof of the utter disregard they pay to those who are appointed to lead them. If in singing a hymn, the sentiments expressed convey the idea that the music should be softened, the congregation do not take the hint, but continue to the fullest extent of their nasal resonance. That a great improvement is needed, there remains not a doubt, and great improvement *can* be made; but to dream of a retrograde movement, to suit the stationary ideas of a people, to a certain portion of whom it is next to impossible to give what nature has denied, is more than the favoured portion of our race would consent to, although our conductors of church music generally have, with their little band, to fight against a whole army of squalling charity children. Better let those who wish to drag it down, be instrumental in raising the low.

AN ORGANIST.

MANCHESTER.—The Monday evening concerts of the 25th ult. attracted an immense audience at the Free Trade Hall. The principal performers were Miss Fanny Huddart, Miss Dyer, Messrs. Haigh, Tully, Rosenthal, and Signor Picco. Mr. D. W. Banks was the conductor.

BARNARD CASTLE.—The Sacred Harmonic Society lately performed Haydn's *Creation*. The principal vocalists were Miss Helena Walker, of Leeds; Mr. Pearse, of Lichfield Cathedral; and Mr. Brandon, of Barnard Castle. The chorus comprised nearly 100 performers of the town and neighbourhood. Mr. Ainsworth, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, led the band. Mr. Raper, of Barnard Castle, presided at the organ. The whole was conducted by Mr. Bedsmore, of Lichfield. There was a large attendance.

ANOTHER OPINION ON "LOHENGRI" IN VIENNA.

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

(Concluded from page 692.)

For these reasons nothing has yet been gained for the system itself by this success of *Lohengrin*, at least not with us in Vienna, where, from the force of habit, we are, in musical matters, usually accustomed to call things by their right names. We do not exactly know how the new philologists on the banks of the Pleisse may choose to express themselves, but, among us, a melody is still always called a melody, and an opera an opera, while simple, impressive *vocal* music, which penetrates to the heart, is still always considered as the greatest triumph a heaven-inspired composer can achieve, so old-fashioned are our views. Little is to be effected with us by phrases concerning the difference between the "tone-melody," and the "word-melody," of the "harmonically-poetical complex," of the "architectonic treatment of the subject," of the "union of all the arts in one whole work of art," &c. If Wagner succeeds in Vienna, it will be *in spite* of what he has written about himself and what others have written about him. He will owe his success solely to his unusual natural talent, which, although not free from error, is powerful enough to captivate the mind of an impartial auditor, to elevate his heart, to fix his attention, and, in many instances, to satisfy his musical taste. But we must receive the composer with *unbiased* opinions, and the less the public listens to the effusions of party-papers, and the less the educated amateur troubles himself about them, the easier will it be for both to pronounce a just decision.

In the choice of his dramatic subjects, Wagner manifests an especial partiality for those of the middle ages, the period of myths and legends. In this again he is a warm friend of the dusky Past; his dramas are not rooted in the struggles and efforts of the Present, or in the yearning for a better Future, unless, under their obscure, mysterious surface, we are presented with *allegories*, or unless the "light temple, more precious than aught known on earth, and in it a vessel of wondrous and blessed power," has a deep concealed meaning, which we must not dare to particularise more nearly since, "of so sacred a nature is the blessing of the Gral, that, concealed, it must escape a layman's eye." But, however this may be, Wagner's operatic librettos are universally and justly praised for richness of matter and dramatic effect. A strain of true poetry pervades even *Lohengrin*. It is *Euryanthe*, with greater inspiration, with purer, and more vigorous expression, but, otherwise, in a tolerably similar shape. The cursory and almost incomplete manner in which certain points are hinted at—in the repeated endeavours of Telramund and Ortrud to separate the lovers, and especially in the bewitching of Gottfried, &c.—does not materially injure the attractive and moving effect of the whole. Those persons, indeed, who apply to the libretto of an opera the standard which belongs to the drama alone, can hardly be satisfied with the mere outlines of character they will find in the work. But we who stand upon the so-called "surmounted point," must be contented with the *operatic libretto*, considered as such, because, from a composition of this description we expect only outlines, intended not to receive real life until united with music.

This real life is in *Lohengrin* something very pithy, and inwardly rich, although not outwardly varied enough. No one will call Wagner's music trivial. It is pervaded by snatches of truth, grandeur, and real genuine depth of feeling, which, unfortunately, being disfigured by a great many peculiarities and weaknesses, do not always produce the same powerful effect. Wagner's scoring is distinguished for originality, the dazzling charm of unexpected combinations, and many detached genial touches; but, on the other hand, it is deficient, at times, in simplicity, nature, and correct measure. The introduction, before the curtain is raised for the first time, is very original, but much too long, and is rendered repulsive to many persons by the long-continued high fingering of the violins. Many, too, of the orchestral introductory and after pieces, are spun out a great deal too much, and the *tremolo* on the violins is too frequently

employed, while the wind-instruments are playing the melody. Lastly, the *finale* of the first act, as well as that of the second, is, in certain passages, too noisy, and strikes us, here and there, as an effective but coarse exaggeration of the means at the composer's command, in Verdi's style. Very nearly the same qualities may be proved to exist in the vocal music of *Lohengrin*. Of course we are still speaking of the "opera" of *Lohengrin*, as an *opera*, that is to say, we are judging it by the old standard, according to which we look upon *vocal music*, musically beautiful, and at the same time dramatically effective, as the greatest triumph of art. Musical inventive power is, therefore, for the operatic composer, the first and most indispensable quality, as it is for the writer of the smallest song and of the greatest instrumental work. To investigate how far Wagner is, in this respect, inferior to the old masters, would be here a superfluous task. Whether he sometimes avoids melody on purpose, or does so only when his imaginative power comes to a stand-still, is difficult to determine. The musical auditor will always be loth to believe in such an intentional renunciation of this most lofty and heavenly gift, and, whenever he hears no melody, his first and last idea will be: "The composer could not think of anything here." These remarks apply partly to Ortrud and Telramund, both of whom are, musically speaking, neglected. Weber's principal fault in *Euryanthe*, namely, the disagreeable expression, which deprives his Lysiart and his Eglantine of all musical effect, is here, if not surpassed, at least repeated in Wagner's peculiar manner. We do not require that the "out-and-out villains"** should always indulge in the most dule of strains, but we still do not perceive why villany should be marked by the composer's condemning the criminal to set at naught the rules of rhythm and good music. Can the feelings which quiver through Ortrud and Telramund in the beginning of the second act be portrayed only by dissonances which reduce the singer to despair and offend the ear of the public? Are not melodies of a gloomy character more appropriate for rendering such situations than a gloomy absence of all melody whatever? The concluding unisonal passages of this scene are a sufficient proof of the correctness of our views, since these few bars, from the fact of their forming a definite melody, produce a far more powerful effect upon the minds of the audience than all the preceding detached recitative passages. It is for this reason that the character of Elsa stands out so brilliantly from the rest. We there find the greatest number of complete melodious passages, while spread over the part is that enthusiastically-quick and poetically resplendent expression, which Wagner succeeded in imparting to his *Elizabeth*, although in a different degree, corresponding to the nature of the latter work, an expression which, being, both in a musical as well as a dramatic point of view, as beautiful as it is true, fills the soul of the hearer with profound delight, and of itself is a testimony of Wagner's great ability. *Lohengrin* himself excites in certain passages a similar sentiment of satisfaction, but suffers, like almost all the personages in the opera—not even excepting Elsa—from the systematic employment of the recitative form, on which Wagner's system, if we understand it correctly, is founded. It strikes us, however, that only a tolerable dose of sound judgment is requisite to perceive that when recitative is adopted, partly in its most simple, and partly in an *obbligato* form, as a permanent standard, and only extended, now and then, into *ariosos*, but never into a regular air, duet, etc., the impression produced must be pre-eminently wearisome. In the drama when sung as well as in the drama when spoken, one of the most powerful means of heightening the effect is to give a scene an unexpected turn by the arrival of a fresh personage, or the addition of new motives. If, however, this expedient is employed two, three, and four times in succession, so that, in the course of the act the situation is not definitively brought to a close after any one scene, and no interval of natural repose supervenes, the expedient then becomes a fault, because the performers are no longer able to express without exaggeration the increased effect, because they are disappointed in the just claims they have to the applause of the public, applause which

* "Patentirter Bösewicht."

is procured for them by the definite conclusion of a situation; because such a conclusion of the separate portions of a work is one of the first rules of composition in art: because the rapid repetition of this dramatic lever, however effective it may be, betrays a partiality for exaggeration and an ignorance of the stage; and because, lastly, the spectator and auditor require,—quite as much as the piece itself does—occasional periods of repose, and can only experience the consciousness of such a period by the formal rounding-off of a situation naturally complete in itself. This requirement, which is, at least, quite as necessary for a musical as for a spoken drama, is mostly unfulfilled in *Lohengrin*, and hence arises the more or less wearisome impression produced by the work even on those who feel that, while their attention is captivated by the composition as a whole, their mind is delighted by detached beauties.

These beauties, however, consist precisely in those (melodic) portions which Wagner's system possesses in common with the opera of the Past, and the interest felt is paid to the poetical whole, the work of individual talent, while all which, in this "Opera of the Past," belongs to the "System of the Future," is to be reckoned among the defects and weak points of both the opera and the system.

That which turns the scale in matters of art is true, fresh, and original talent, and not the dry, hollow theories of arrogant system-hunters. What the latter spoil, the former make good again, and the sooner talent of this kind frees itself from systematic errors and a useless hankering after novelty, and returns to truly liberal, that is to say, sound and reasonable views, the sooner will it clear for itself a sure and honourable path through the Present to the Future: a Future of merited recognition and undying fame.

W. M. S.

"WREATHED SMILES."

(From *Lloyd's Weekly London Newspaper*.)

AMONGST many other theatrical mummeries, which to us are always most amusing, we read that, on the 100th night of the *Rose of Castille*—

"A lady sitting in one of the stage boxes took off a very handsome wreath from her own head, and handed it down to Miss Louisa Pyne."

This was very generous, though the fact of offering to a lady a second-hand wreath might be stigmatised by sceptics as rather a faded compliment. Supposing a gentleman, carried away by a similar impulse of admiration, had offered to Mr. Harrison his hat, we wonder how the latter gentleman would have taken it? However, what alarms us, in this idiotic system of tribute-throwing, is this new fashion of undressing in public. To what article of a lady's dress will the madness extend next? There are other articles of female apparel a thousand times more valuable than a wreath, and it might be a new sight to witness a matronly Jewess, at a loss to know what to offer, pull off her rich velvet gown, and deliberately hand it over the proscenium-box to the admired heroine. Another lady, as strongly moved, might pull off her shoes, and throw them at the head of the happy *Elvino*, who was sharing the musical honours of the silly ovation! It will be as well to check these absurdities, funny as they are, or else we shall have some inspired Gent, determined not to be brow-beaten by such a simple trifle as a wreath, pulling out his pocket-handkerchief and offering it to the adored *prima donna* of the evening! In fact, the greater the favourite, the greater will the desire be amongst the audience to outstrip one another in these tributes, and then, we ask in trembling, where is the mania to stop?

HUDDERSFIELD.—The Philosophical Hall was crowded to excess, to hear the members of the Choral Society perform a selection of music, as a tribute of respect to the memory of their highly esteemed conductor, the late Mr. James Battye. Mr. Jackson, of Bradford, officiated as conductor. Miss Whitham (who was a pupil of Mr. Battye's), Miss Hirst, and Messrs. R. Garner, W. Hirst, Geo. Milnes, W. Etchells, T. Nettlewood, and H. Varley took the principal parts. The whole of the performers were dressed in mourning, and a great portion of the audience also testified their respect by being similarly attired.

MADAME BOSIO IN RUSSIA.

(From the *Gazette Russe de l'Académie St. Petersburg*,
October 5, 1858.)

It is truly delightful to hear Madame Bosio sing. Our incomparable *prima donna* appeared, last week, for the first time this season, in Verdi's opera of *Rigoletto*. The part of Gilda was performed by her with that artistic perfection, both vocal and dramatic, so highly appreciated by the exceedingly exacting public of St. Petersburg. We will not speak of the manner in which she was received. The enthusiastic shouts and applause of the audience lasted a quarter of an hour. It was a perfect ovation. She sang as only Madame Bosio and the nightingale can sing.

The public seemed inclined to make her repeat every piece, but was contented with encores the quartet of the last act, where the poor girl's bitter tears and her outraged father's despair are accompanied by the strident laugh of the courtesan, and the joyous song of the seducer.

Madame Bosio made her second appearance in *La Traviata*, one of the favourite operas of the St. Petersburg public. The large theatre was filled to the roof, and there was not the smallest place left unoccupied. The performance resembled a perfect artistic festival, at which all the lovers and amateurs of music, in fact, the cream of the public, had agreed to meet.

Madame Bosio appeared, and the shouts and applause, after lasting twenty minutes, were succeeded by a religious silence. The fair singer appeared as if she wished to surpass herself. Her silvery voice resounded through the house with indescribable sweetness. Her admirable notes entered the soul and seized hold of the heart. First we had the gay creature, *sventata*, spoilt and mocking, who says, laughingly: "La vita è nel tripudio." Then, when a new sentiment has stolen into her heart, she becomes pensive. "Estrarro in cor scolpito loquer accenti; saria per mia sventura un sero amore?" Yes! it is that true and pure love which ennobles and elevates every woman. In vain does she endeavour to subdue this "delirio vano." Her efforts are useless; in vain does she try, in the admirable *cabaletta*, "Sempre libera deggio," to recover her self-possession. She must accomplish her destiny; she sacrifices everything to her lover, and expires in his arms, exclaiming: "Ah! io ritorno a vivere!"

Madame Bosio's acting and singing are beyond praise. She has now no rival in all Europe; this is a fact of which we had no opportunity of convincing ourselves last year, when we visited the principal theatres on both sides of the Apennines. In Italy, there was nothing but mediocrity; one lady is past her prime, and the other puffs away like an old clarinet. Miolan-Carvalho, Nantier-Didié, and even Piccolomini, who is so celebrated, are but poor singers compared with Madame Bosio, who is the queen of contemporary *cantatrices*.

Calzolari is quite worthy of singing with her. The performance was a complete success, and every person present left the theatre with that sort of sweet impression which men remember for a long period, especially if fate compels them to quit the capital and banishes them to the extremity of some distant province.

SONG.

BY JOHN ELLISON.

O, say it again! when you tell me you love me,
The world has no clouds and no darkness for me;
Its scorn and its hollowness never can move me,
If a thought that I cherish is welcome to thee!

O, say it again!—as a zephyr that floateth—
Like voice of the angels, it falls on mine ear!
My heart to that rapturous whisper devoteth
Each vision that yields it a Paradise here!

O, say it again! for my spirit were lonely,
Unblest by the hope thy fond accents can give;
Like the breeze of the West, 'tis their gentle breath only
Sheds balm o'er the desert, and makes it to live!

(These words are copyright.)

MR. VANDENHOFF'S FAREWELL SPEECH AT LIVERPOOL.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—The last scene in the drama of the actor's life is played out; and, divested of fictitious character, he comes before you in the singleness of his own identity to take his grateful and final leave of you and of his profession, agreeably with a pledge, given some four years since, to a requisition that I would defer my then announced retirement, and constitute Liverpool the terminus of my theatrical career—the scene of my last performances. When I withdraw myself from your presence this evening, I shall have quitted "the stage" for ever. And how shall I find words—what expressions can I employ, to depict to you—my long tried, ever kind, and constant patrons, the thoughts, the feelings, crowding on heart and brain, as I stand here for the last time, oppressed with the pain of pleasure-filled recollections of incidents and events in my professional connection with the Liverpool public through a series of bygone years embracing the existence of nearly half a century—all which memory now brings vividly on the mind's eye, the bright retrospect saddened by the overcoming cloud of the parting hour, the pain-fraught hour of separation, to meet, alas! no more. For time, who with silent-stealing step ne'er halts or slackens his pace, has brought me to a gentle declivity, where the prospect palpably narrows, while the gnomen on the dial indicates the distance gone over, and prudence warns to cease from labour before nature declare herself unequal to the task imposed—before the manly voice turn again towards childish treble, and the hale, firm step totter in the enfeebled footing of senility! In the buoyancy of young manhood I first courted your acquaintance, and aspired to win distinction in your eyes. You greeted my efforts with ready approval, and accorded your liberal support to cheer my onward course in the arduous, precarious, yet fascinating profession I had chosen. At twenty-four I first became a candidate for honours here—at sixty-eight (verging on the age allotted to man) I am resigning all further claim to your attention. Those periods record my entrance and exit on these boards—the beginning and the end. The poor player has fretted his hour upon the stage, and shall now be heard no more. But, as the day closes around me, I would fain satisfy myself that the years I have passed in the service of the public have not been vainly spent, have not been wasted, in ministering only to the idle amusement of mere pleasure-seeking multitudes. No! no! I feel that the actor's art may claim a higher purpose, and a nobler end; and, from the first to the last, I have endeavoured to keep that end in view. That the drama originated in man's appetite for amusement and his delight in witnessing reflections of himself, I am fully prepared to admit. Amusement is a necessity of our nature; for the recreation, development, and invigoration of the physical and moral constitution, and for its preservation in healthful condition. The mental faculties, like the corporeal agents, demand relaxation from severity of labour; which to refuse or withhold is to neglect a requirement of nature; and nature's requirements are laws which none may disobey or infringe without paying the penalty she is sure to exact. The apparently most fatiguing exercise in sports is healthful and agreeable relaxation to the sons of toil, after even the hardest day's work. It is the joyous outburst of nature rejoicing and revelling in her strength with her own freedom of action, as opposed to the constrained and enforced *working* exacted by the tyrant Necessity.

"There be some sports are painful, but the labour
Delight in them sets off;"

And so—

"The labour we delight in physics pain!"

The mind—the intellectual faculty—is subject to the same law. The merchant, the lawyer, the banker, whose brain has been taxed through the day with the *mathematics* of business, finds relaxation from the severity of exactness in the outpourings of the poet's fancies; and they fly to a *change* of the subject of thought, which, while it involves the operation of thinking, will, if presented in the form of amusement, distract and dissipate the busy working of the brain, even while appealing to its exercise.

And if the proper study of mankind is *man*, then is Shakspere the greatest instructor of man, and a great benefactor to his kind; and the actor, his interpreter, at once a disciple and a teacher in his school, may not be disregarded by the philosopher or the philanthropist, as useless in his generation, or an inefficient agent to good. To blend instruction with amusement, the useful with the agreeable, is to attain to the *omni punctum* of the poet, the ultimatum of effort in behalf of our fellows. With this view of the stage, I see no reason to be discontented with the pursuit to which I have devoted what talents and energies I may possess; but it would be a subject for serious regret could I conceive at this hour that I had passed my days in unmeaning profitless labour. Ladies and gentlemen, I am bestowing all my tediousness upon you. I pray you let the motive extenuate the offence, and excuse me, if my spirit travelled away from the point I must come to at last, as seeking relief from the pressure of the heart that awaits the sad conclusion. My work is done; the curtain has fallen to rise no more for me. The actor's occupation's gone—

"Hie demum trabeas, cestos, artemque repono."

Farewell, my art! And now, dear patrons, friends,—oh! how weak, how vain, are wordy acknowledgments to convey to you my deep sense of past kindnesses, of present sympathy, manifested in the overwhelming tribute of, may I say, affection offered by this brilliant assembly gracing my final exit from the stage, and making retreat a triumph! In the fulness of my heart, I can but cry to you—Thanks!—Thanks!—and Farewell!

LYONS.—M. Paque, the eminent violoncellist, and one of M. Jullien's celebrated band, lately gave a concert here in conjunction with M. Ferdinand de Croze, the pianist-composer, M. Aimé Gros, the young violinist and laureate of the Conservatoire of Paris, and of M. de Beanier, the tenor and professor of singing. M. Paque especially distinguished himself among his *confrères*, and in a fantasia composed by himself on airs from the *Traviata* elicited acclamation from the entire audience. The music, no less than the executant, obtained unqualified eulogium. The splendid rooms of M. Pontet were filled by a brilliant and fashionable audience.

LUGANO.—The correspondent of the *Cosmorama Pittoric* writes in enthusiastic terms of a new tenor who appeared a short time since at the Lugano theatre in a petite opera, entitled *Il Pipelet*, the music by the maestro De Ferrari. After speaking of the *prima donna*, Signora Benvenuti, and the *buffo*, Signor Carlo Rocca, in terms by no means eulogistic, the writer continues: "But that which above all produced the greatest impression and created the greatest astonishment was the young tenor, Signor Giovanni Romano, pupil of Signor Prati. Handsome in person and gifted with a powerful and extensive voice, he sang with intense feeling and animation, and absolutely rose superior to the scene. He sang the aria in the prison with so much suavity in the *adagio* and so much energy in the *cabaletta*, as to create a real *furore*." The writer goes on to state, that Signor Romano achieved a triumphant success at the fall of the curtain; that *Roberto Devereux* is to be produced for him; and that the public await with curiosity and great interest the first night of the performance.—Query? is not Signor Giovanni Romano identical with Mr. Cavallani, a promising tenor, some time since pupil of the Royal Academy of Music?

CHURCH BELLS.—A correspondent of the *British Magazine* thus described a recent invention by Mr. John Bottom, St. Phillip's-road, Sheffield. It is a circular plate or disc of steel, as a substitute for the ordinary church bell, which has hitherto been so cumbersome and expensive an article. Through numerous difficulties, discouragements, and disappointments, the enterprising man has persevered, and at last perfectly succeeded. These steel plates have a much louder tone, and are heard much farther off than the common church bells of the same weight or the same price. Thus that which I have, weighing about 50lbs., is heard much farther off than an ordinary bell of much greater weight; its cost was £4 10s., and no bell which could be got for £10 would have nearly so good a tone. These plates could be rung with bells also, thus affording an easy way of considerably increasing the number and efficiency of our present peals of bells.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Farewell Season of Mr. CHARLES KEAN as Manager.

ON MONDAY, Wednesday, and Friday, MACBETH.
Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, KING JOHN. Preceded every evening by the farce of AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening, November 6, will be presented the comedy of LADIES BEWARE! To be followed by the drama of THE RED VIAL. To conclude with TO OBLIGE BENSON.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS. EVERY EVENING, at Eight o'clock.—Engagement of the celebrated Violinist, M. WIENIAWSKI.—"The Fern Leaves" Valse. M. Jullien's "Hymn of Universal Harmony." The New Quadrille, "The Campbells are Comin'" "Dog Tray Polka." And a New Selection from Weber's Grand Opera DER FREISCHUTZ, arranged expressly for these Concerts by M. Jullien.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS. Madame Celeste every evening in three characters, supported by Mr. Paul Bedford, Miss Eliza Arden, Mr. Flexmore, and Madlle. Auriol. Production of a Grand Military Spectacle—A detachment of Guards from the Tower—all Crimean Heroes—for the occasion.—On Monday and during the week the performances will commence with the Military Spectacle entitled THE FRENCH SPY. Victoire, Henri St. Alme, and Hamet, Mad. Celeste; Dubourg, Mr. Paul Bedford. A Grand Ballet, in which the celebrated Flexmore and Madlle. Auriol will perform. To conclude with a Musical Drama, supported by Miss Eliza Arden, Mr. Paul Bedford, and the whole strength of the Company. No advance in the prices.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.
Under the Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

PRODUCTION OF "THE CROWN DIAMONDS." Continued and increasing success of "THE ROSE OF CASTILLE" and "MARITANA."

On Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, will be produced, for the first time this Season, Auber's favourite Opera, THE CROWN DIAMONDS. Characters by Miss Louisa Pyne (who will introduce Rode's celebrated Air, with Variations), Miss Susan Pyne, Mr. George Honey, Mr. A. St. Albyn, Mr. Henri Corri (his first appearance this season), Mr. Bartleman, Mr. Terrott, and Mr. W. Harrison (who will introduce Brinley Richard's favourite ballad, "Oh! whisper what thou feelst"). On Tuesday and Friday (13th and 14th times), Balfe's highly successful opera, THE ROSE OF CASTILLE. Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss M. Prescott, Mr. Ferdinand Glover, Mr. A. St. Albyn, Mr. George Honey, Mr. Bartleman, and Mr. W. Harrison.—On Thursday, MARITANA. Don Cesar de Baza (his original character), Mr. W. Harrison; Maritana, Miss Louisa Pyne.—Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon.

To conclude with (each evening) the new Ballet Divertissement entitled LA FLEUR D'AMOUR. Madlles. Zilla Michelet, Morlacchi, and Pasquale.

Acting-managers, Mr. William Brough and Mr. Edward Murray. Stage-manager, Mr. Edward Stirling. Doors open at seven. Commence at half-past seven.

MARRIED.

On the 2nd Nov., at Trinity Church, Marylebone, by the Rev. Hanworth Rackham, M.A., Vicar of Witchford, assisted by the Rev. E. C. Alston, M.A., Rector of Dennington, uncles of the bride, Walter Meacock Wilkinson, Esq., of Westbourne-terrace, to Louisa Rackham, eldest daughter of William Chappell, Esq., F.S.A., of Harley-place and Regent-street.

On the 30th Oct., Robert Glenn Wesley, Esq., to Miss Juliana Benson.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOME BIRD.—The following is the letter which appeared at the time (1847) in the Morning Post:—

"To the Editor of the Morning Post.

"SIR—Will you allow me, through your mediation, to offer some explanation to the public on the subject of my journey to France, and of my sudden return to London, without having made my *début* at l'Académie Royale. I have no complaint to make of the directors of that theatre, as your readers may have been led to believe. On the contrary, they did their utmost to assist me to a success, and to encourage me in the hope that I should obtain one. They placed me under the care of the best masters for accent, &c. I need but mention M.M. Duprez, Michelot, and Emanuel Garcia. I had a full rehearsal of the part of Mathilde in *Guillaume Tell*, with orchestra and chorus, after which I received the most flattering encouragements, and my *début* was fixed to take place on the 22nd of this month, of which I received official notification. It was on the receipt of this that, yielding to the fear of which I am about to explain the cause, I took the resolution of coming suddenly to London, instead of staying to make my *début*. An insurmountable terror had taken possession of me on account of the

imperfection of my French pronunciation. I had been aware, at the general rehearsal of *Guillaume Tell*, of smiles and *jeux de mots* at certain passages; at that, for instance, which I thought I had pronounced accurately: 'Mon cœur n'a pas trompé mes yeux,' there was open laughter, and I heard people repeating the phrase made into a parody by my defective pronunciation: 'Son cœur n'a pas trompé Messieurs.' You can imagine with what alarm I was seized on finding how easy it was for a public, so fond of a joke as the public of Paris, which makes game of everything, including itself, to find in my accent a perpetual subject of pleasantry. I then felt the enormous difficulty of my task, and I have shrunk back from it, as, indeed, Madlle. Jenny Lind (to whom, certainly, I have not the pretension of comparing myself) did, when she refused the engagement offered her in London by M. Duponchel, and, more recently, Madlle. Alboni. The latter lady has sung four times in Italian on the stage of l'Académie Royale with extraordinary success, but, in spite of this advantage, no temptation could induce her to sing there in French.

"Under these circumstances, I have renounced the attempt to do what Madlle. Jenny Lind and Madlle. Alboni believed to be beyond their powers. I think in so doing I have acted with prudence, and I hope that M.M. the directors of the French Opera, giving me credit for my motives, will hold me excused from the promise I had given them. Such, sir, is the reason of my refusing to *débuter* at the French Opera, when the formal notification was sent to me, rendering it incumbent on my part to beg you to correct the statements which have appeared in some of the English papers, where it has been said that the Parisian directors had not treated me in a generous or courteous manner. I venture to hope that, after this simple explanation, the public of London, no less than that of Paris, will find what I have done only reasonable and natural.—I am, sir, your obedient humble servant,

"London, Nov. 30."

"C. A. BIRCH.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6TH, 1858.

We have heard it rumoured that Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison have offered an engagement to Mr. Sims Reeves to join their company at Covent Garden, to which theatre, as we have already stated, they intend removing directly after Christmas. Our great English tenor would indeed constitute a special acquisition to the operatic troupe. That all our best vocalists should unite and form themselves into one artistic community is, as every one will allow, necessary for the foundation of a lyric theatre pretending to the name of "national." We fear, however, that there are insurmountable obstacles to so desirable a result. Mr. Sims Reeves expects, and has a right to expect, a very large salary. After receiving £300 per week at a remote theatre in the City, he would naturally feel disinclined to lower his terms at such an immense house as that of the Royal Italian Opera. Mr. Sims Reeves, it may be urged, should consider that at the National Standard he was merely engaged as a "Star," for a limited period, and that the principal expenses centred in his salary. Moreover, his performances in the East-end were mostly restricted to such ballad operas as *Guy Mannering* and *Rob Roy*—inconsequential performances, it may be assumed, taking into account his celebrity,—and but little calculated to advance his fame in the artistic world. On the other hand, if engaged with the English Company under Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison's direction, he would have an opportunity of appearing in all his most famous parts; new operas would be written for him, whilst he would enjoy the advantages of tolerable coadjutors in the secondary characters, a good chorus, and an undeniably band and conductor. To a real artist like Mr. Sims Reeves, these advantages could hardly fail to counterbalance a diminution of his salary, more especially when he was furthering the object on which we know he has set his heart for years. Between two

tenors like Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. W. Harrison no rivalry could possibly exist. Both have distinct *répertoires*, and neither could interfere with the other. Mr. Harrison would retain his old parts in the Balf and Wallace operas, &c., &c.; while Mr. Sims Reeves would rejoice in Auber, Donizetti, or even Verdi. On three nights in the week the public would be regaled with the *Rose of Castille*, *Maritana*, *Martha*, the *Bohemian Girl*, or some new production from the fertile pen of Mr. Balf; on the other three they might be refreshed by *Lucia*, *Linda*, *Don Pasquale*, or, better still, by *Fra Diavolo*, or *Masaniello*. English composers, furthermore, would be stirred into activity, and a new impetus given to operatic music in the country. At present, the slightest possible chance exists for the production of a new musical work for the stage unless endorsed by the popular name of M. W. Balf. Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison are contented—and none can blame them—with a fair success, and run an opera up to its hundredth night and beyond. With two separate companies, this monotonous system would be infringed upon, and one work, at least, would not be forced upon the public to the rejection of all others.

The engagement of Mr. Sims Reeves would of course involve obtaining the services of one or more new *prima donnas*, Miss Louisa Pyne, although now performing every night—a most hazardous experiment, as we have already argued—reserving herself, it may be supposed, for her special operas. As Mdme. Clara Novello has but seldom appeared on the stage in England, we know not whether she would be inclined to accept an engagement with the company at Covent Garden. This lady, however, has performed at some of the largest theatres in Italy, and even soared to personate Semiramide in Rossini's opera. Madame Anna Bishop—a most accomplished and experienced dramatic artist, as our readers need scarcely to be told—has arrived in London fresh from her transatlantic triumphs, and would no doubt be willing to tender her valuable services. In short, if the managers be desirous, and the singers willing, there is no reason why English national opera should not be established on the same footing with the lyric institutions of other countries. Why should Paris with its fifteen hundred thousand inhabitants boast of three important establishments devoted to the production of musical works in the native language, while London, with double the number of people, has only the semblance of one?—for as yet, while subscribing to the excellent beginning made by Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison, we cannot admit that they have done more than lay the foundation of National English Opera.

LONG and imposing is the list of theatres that now appears in the morning newspapers. He who is not familiar with London may possibly lose his way in the labyrinth of advertisements. We will, therefore, be the Ariadne to the stranger, and provide him with a clue, which, if he is not very fastidious, may take him to something that he will find agreeable. In consideration of which service, he will, if he be more generous than Theseus, collect our numbers in a smart binding, and refrain from perverting them to ignoble uses.

At the Princess's *Macbeth* is now played alternately with *King John*, and in both of them our two great tragedians sustain the chief parts. Mr. Charles Kean, as *Macbeth*, is the most intense of fate-stricken criminals; Mrs. Charles Kean, as the Lady, is the most irresistible incarnation of an evil spirit. So excellent a Thane and Lady merit an appropriate resi-

dence, and accordingly the stage becomes ancient Scotland with her massive castles, her rude warriors, and her abundant witches. The whole thing, from *Macbeth* himself down to the properties in his hall is thoroughly tragic, primitive, imposing. If you wish to shudder with awe, while, at the same time gasping with admiration, direct your steps, O! stranger! to the Princess's, and mind you are there in good time.

Neither must you be tardy, if your object is to see Charles Mathews at the Haymarket; for Charles Mathews, is a great favourite with the people, and stimulated by the good news that he is come back, they hasten to verify the fact with their own eyes,—and also to form an opinion respecting the new Mrs. Charles Mathews, whom he has brought with him from America. To-night, by the way, he will take his benefit, and bring out a new piece, called the *Tale of a Coat*, whereof we knew nothing.

Long has Mr. Robson drawn the public to the Olympic Theatre by the magic of his genius,—but only within the last few weeks has he earned the reputation of a bottle conjuror. There still stands the *Red Vial*, whole and entire, mended in the first instance by Mr. W. S. Emden, and now firmly held together by Mr. Robson and Mrs. Stirling.—Miraculous! Here is a bottle that will not be placed on a shelf. And between you and us, gentle reader, there are many worse pieces than the *Red Vial*, though its contents are a little too strong for Olympic nerves. Mrs. Stirling's representation of the wicked housekeeper will alone be an equivalent for your entrance fee.

And mind you, don't pass the Strand, careless stranger, because it happens to be small. The new burlesque there, *The Maid and the Magpie*, is the most smartly written and smartly acted thing you can conceive, and the stage is as bright and sparkling as the people upon it, which is saying a great deal. No, on second thoughts, stranger—we would say, *do* pass the Strand. There are syrens in that grotto—Miss Swanborough, Miss M. Oliver, Miss M. Ternan, Miss Marie Wilton,—and, if you once enter it, and are not a very strong-minded man, you will, perhaps, never be able to tear yourself away again.

Astley's, too—you won't forget Astley's—the only equestrian theatre in London—accessible, moreover, at cheaper prices than heretofore. There is this advantage about Astley's at present; that if you happen to dine late you will lose nothing by missing the first piece, and coming at once upon the business of the arena, where feats graceful and imposing are performed; and jokes, verbal and practical are cracked by the two clowns.

If your desires take a suburban direction, you may as well see *Henry V.* or the *Hypocrite* at Sadler's Wells, the former a grand "get-up," the latter distinguished by the performance of Mr. Phelps in a new character. Then, at the Surrey, under the name *Ambition*, you will find a very pleasing fusion of the stories of *Elfrida* and *Catherine Howard*, after a recipe given by that great cook of history, M. Alexandre Dumas. Madame Celeste is starring at the National Standard in certain pieces called *Green Bushes* and *Flowers of the Forest*, which it is just possible you may have seen at the Adelphi. No matter; the pieces are very good, and will bear seeing once more. Indeed, the theatre alone is a fine sight. So Eastward ho!—take our compliments to John Douglass, and wish him as much success in Whitechapel as in Shoreditch. And if you happen to be in the City Road, drop into the Royal Grecian Theatre, where you will find the fortunes of Fouquet represented after a fashion

of which the history of France will not give you the slightest notion, and where Mrs. Conquest's pupils will charm you by their grace in the ballet. Mind, the Grecian Theatre is no longer a saloon—it has nothing whatever to do with the Eagle Tavern, only the Eagle Tavern stands next door; and if, when the play is over, you go to the bar thereof, and order a glass of brandy-and-water, Mr. B. O. Conquest, the manager, will not be offended by your patronage of Mr. B. O. Conquest, the licensed victualler.

And now, ignorant, thick-headed stranger, if you can't amuse yourself, it's not our fault.

SIGNOR VERDI has gone to Naples, to superintend the production of his *Simon Boccanegra*. In December he is engaged to bring out his new opera, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, at Rome.

GENERAL GUEDENOFF has succeeded from the post of director of the Imperial theatres at Petersburgh, after a reign of twenty-five years. He is replaced by General André Savouroff.

M. ERNST, the celebrated violinist, is in so delicate a state of health, that he has been ordered to Nice to pass the winter.

The *Messiah* is to be performed in St. George's Hall, Wolverhampton, on the 17th of next month, the vocalists engaged including Miss Dolby, Mrs. Sutherland, Mr. Weiss, &c.

We are informed (says the *Plymouth Journal*) that Lady Havelock has taken Osborn House, Stoke, as her future residence.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—On Monday evening Miss Bessie Willingham appeared at this favourite little theatre (being her first appearance in London), in the character of Helen, in Sheridan Knowles's drama of the *Hunchback*. The young lady was well received. Other performances followed, with some excellent music by Mr. Phillips, and his band of the Coldstream Guards.

MEYERBEER.—The rehearsals of the new opera in three acts, by the author of *Robert*, the *Huguenot*, and the *Prophète*, have already commenced at the Opéra-Comique. The principal characters are entrusted to Madame Cabel, M. Faure and M. Ste. Foix.

ORGANIST APPOINTMENT.—Mr. Thomas Bailey, late organist of the Roman Catholic Chapel, in Huddersfield, has been appointed organist of the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Cashel, Ireland.

ROYAL PAVILION THEATRE.—The superb centre chandelier of this theatre, manufactured by Defries and Sons, is of elegant and unique design, composed of chains, principally of richly-cut glass, dropping so as to form draperies of crystal. It contains 300 lights, all hidden behind spangles, cut so as to increase the light threefold, which makes them appear as though there were 1,000 lights, and they are, in effect, equal to that number. There are, also, fourteen spangled lanterns, so arranged as to illuminate above and below, thus forming two rows of lanterns, each of which contains three burners, so concealed as to throw a dazzling brilliancy around.

MR. AND MRS. HENRI DRAYTON'S DRAWING-ROOM OPERAS AT BRIGHTON.—These popular artists, who have been giving their pleasing entertainments with great success in the provinces for some months, made their first appearance at Brighton, in the Pavilion Music Room, on Tuesday evening. The great success which has attended the production of these "drawing-room operas" has arisen from the melodies in the various entertainments being judiciously selected from the most attractive music of the day, in addition to some excellent original compositions by E. J. Loder, Duggan, Beale, and others. The well-known talent of Mr. and Mrs. Drayton cannot fail to draw numerous and fashionable audiences in Brighton.

CHICHESTER.—The concert given by the Lay Vicars of the Cathedral, in the Assembly Rooms, was very well attended. Several overtures were well played by the Amateur Instrumental Society. A gentleman amateur and Herr Hartmann played solos on the flute, and were deservedly applauded. Mr. H. Bennet conducted.

EASTBOURNE.—The Choral Society's Monthly Meeting, on Friday the 29th ultimo, was very well attended. Several part-songs and choruses, by Mendelssohn, Mozart, Handel, &c., were encored.

M. JULLIEN'S FAREWELL CONCERTS.

THE crowds that assembled at the Lyceum Theatre, on Monday evening, to greet M. Jullien on the first night of his "Farewell"—we trust not his "last"—Concerts; the honest and hearty welcome that awaited him; the reception given to all the favourites; and the enthusiasm that prevailed throughout the evening, abundantly demonstrated that the popular winter entertainments over which M. Jullien presides had lost nothing of their attractions. A more brilliant inauguration indeed we do not remember than that which heralded the twentieth season. The stalls, private boxes and dress circle were filled by an elegant and fashionable assembly; and the theatre, with its new and fanciful decorations, set off by the crystal chandeliers and prismatic lanterns, looked splendid and striking. The orchestra is still more tastefully erected than at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, or Her Majesty's Theatre, and, in short, every thing possible has been effected at once to dazzle and gratify the senses.

To accommodate itself to the size of the house, the band has been reduced to Beethoven's complement, sixty. But in diminishing the quantity the quality has been preserved.

The orchestra is now composed of the following artists:—*Violins*: MM. Willy, G. Collins, Léhon, Kettenus, Oppenheimer, Hennen, Clementi, Wells, Schmidt, Demunck, Ascher, Diehl, Van Der Finck, Payton, Kelly, Keller, Bort, Croza. *Altos*: MM. Schreurs, Goffrie, Vogel, Broedelet, H. Synders, Sloman. *Violoncello*: MM. Paque, H. Chipp, Klein, Demunck, L. Synders. *Contra Bassi*: MM. Howell, Reynolds, Kliegl, Hieatt, Griffiths, Pickaert. *Flutes*: MM. Fratten, Reichert, Berry. *Oboes*: MM. Lavigne and Crozier. *Clarionets*: MM. Pollard and Stacquet. *Fagotti*: MM. Hauser, Morlighem. *Corni*: MM. C. Harper, Cavalli, F. Jarrett, Stenbruggen. *Cornets*: MM. Le Loup, Neuer, Ling, Monkhouse. *Trombones*: MM. H. Russell, Jenkins, Healy. *Ophicleides*: Mr. Hughes, &c. *Drums*: MM. Chipp, Seymour, Pheasant, Thompson, &c. *Principal Cornet*: M. Duhem. *Leaders*: Messrs. Willy and Léhon.

This is a powerful force, fully equal to "realise the dream of Beethoven," as M. Jullien suggests in his prospectus, and, with the assistance of a few brass hands and an extra drum or so fully equal to realise—at least in the Lyceum Theatre—the dream of the veriest lover of sound and fury, signifying—music-thunder. In addition, there is provided a good male chorus—under the able superintendence of Mr. Edward Land—whose nightly duty up to the present time has been to sing the National Anthem, "Rule Britannia," and M. Jullien's new "Hymn of Universal Harmony," written especially for the present concerts. By and bye, we are told, graver services will be demanded from the choristers in the performance of the choral music in Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, in Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, and Gregory the First's *Canto Fermo* and *Fuga Fugarum*. Verily, Mr. Land's place promises to be no sinecure.

The programme of Monday "revealed" one great novelty in the person of M. Wieniawski, who, according to M. Jullien, is the "celebrated violinist, who in France, Germany, Russia, and Italy, has established one of the greatest reputations since the appearance of that marvellous genius, Paganini." Of M. Wieniawski we had previous heard and read great things, as the saying is. He is, according to some, a Pole, and according to others a Russian. He has been a pupil of the Paris Conservatoire, and has, during the last few years, been giving concerts throughout the German States and in parts of Italy with immense *éclat*. The young *virtuoso* made his first essay on Monday evening in Mendelssohn's violin concerto—a selection we feel hardly bound to say, he would have made if left entirely to his own judgment, considering the liberties he took with the composer, and the substitution of a cadenza of his own in the first movement for the one written by Mendelssohn. M. Wieniawski, perhaps, is as eager to copy Paganini in taste as in skill and appearance. Whatever Paganini's musical predilections might have been, he seldom performed any classical piece in public, and made all his reputation in the *fantasia* school. We hope that the new violinist will prefer to take a loftier flight, since his talent appears to be of a very rare order. M. Wieniawski

indeed is a great player in the strictest sense of the word. He may not possess that depth and volume of tone we have heard in another fiddler, nor exhibit that breadth and grandeur of style we remember in third; nevertheless, his powers are most extraordinary, and in justness of intonation—the grand desideratum, the be-all of violin playing—we never heard him surpassed. This charm, beyond all charms, either in vocal or instrumental performances, stamps him as one of the most remarkable artists of the day. M. Wieniawski delights in the marvellous, and seems to achieve wonders without an effort. His *staccato* playing is particularly fine, and his management of the harmonics hardly to be surpassed. His tone is especially sweet and delicate, as shown in the *andante* of Mendelssohn's concerto, and his taste and feeling—always excepting the unwarrantable liberties taken with the author—unexceptionable. M. Wieniawski created an immense sensation in the concerto, which increased to a *furore* when the violinist executed the "Carnaval de Vénise" in the second part, which, take it all in all, was one of the most extraordinary performances of the kind we ever heard.

M. Jullien is very fortunate, or very shrewd, in making discoveries. We congratulate him on his last celebrity, who, no doubt, will prove one of the most noted lions that ever visited this country at his instigation. M. Wieniawski was overwhelmed with applause after each of his performances, and returned to the orchestra to make his acknowledgments after the concerto. He refused to return, however, after the "Carnaval," although the applause was still more vehement than before; and a new Galop, by M. Jullien, called the "Frikell Galop," was performed amid a hurricane of yells and shrieks, M. Jullien, who had previously addressed the audience briefly on the occasion of a row, this time not paying the least regard to the disturbance. Miss Vinning, who is a special favourite with the public, coming up the steps leading to the orchestra, threw oil upon the troubled waters, and appeased the commotion instantly. These rows are very disgraceful, but if they could not be put down in the large houses, we know not how they could be prevented in the smaller theatre.

The performance commenced with the overture to *Der Freischütz*, and at once convinced the auditors of the splendid quality of the band. The *Andante*, *Scherzo*, and *Storm*, from the *Pastoral Symphony* of Beethoven, fully confirmed this opinion. In the selection from the *Trovatore*, Messrs. Pratten, Lavigne, Hughes, and Duheu—four of M. Jullien's "crack" soloists—had a fine opportunity of distinguishing themselves, and did not fail to avail themselves of it to the great delight of the hearers. Nor must we forget the splendid flute playing of M. Reichert, as exemplified in his solo towards the end of the concert, but maliciously cut short by the malcontents of the pit.

Among the new dance pieces introduced we cannot omit naming the "Fern Leaves" waltz, one of the most rhythmical and melodious we have heard even from M. Jullien's pen.

M. Jullien's new "Hymn of Universal Harmony" concluded the first part. It had to undergo a severe trial coming after "God save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia." Nevertheless it achieved a decided success, and was applauded by the whole house. The melody is grave and solemn, and the climax from the *piano* at the commencement to the *fortissimo* at the end is managed with great skill. The harmonies are clear and broad, and altogether the Hymn may be pronounced as one of M. Jullien's most striking compositions. We have no doubt that after a few nights, when the tune is familiarised, it will become a special favourite with the audience.

Miss Louisa Vinning—M. Jullien's present *prima donna*—sang the opening cavatina from the *Trovatore*; and, being encored, gave "Where the Bee sucks." Dr. Arne and Signor Verdi did not seem to coalesce. In the second part, Miss Vinning sang the Scotch ballad, "Gin a body," and a new canzonetta, entitled "I'm a laughing Zingarella." The latter was bissed and repeated.

The arrangements behind the orchestra have not been neglected. The reading-room exhibits the same liberality and convenience as of old, and the refreshment-room is submitted to the most competent hands—thus providing food for the body and mind at the same time.

The theatre has been crammed to suffocation every night during the week, and M. Wieniawski's success has increased with each successive performance.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

On Monday Mr. Wallace's popular opera, *Maritana*, was revived with decided success, Miss Louisa Pyne sustaining the character of the heroine, and Mr. Harrison appearing as Don Cesario de Bazan, one of his most striking and vigorous performances. The favourite pieces obtained all the success of old, the following receiving enthusiastic encores:—the trio, "Turn on old Time," by Miss Susan Pyne, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. G. J. Patey; the ballad—not cavatina, Mr. Wallace—"Yes, let me like a soldier fall," by Mr. Harrison; the ballad—not cavatina, Mr. Wallace—"There is a flower that bloometh," sung by the same gentleman; and the aria, "Scenes that are brightest," by Miss Louisa Pyne. Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison were recalled after each act, and all the principals had to appear at the end, to the arbitrary summons of the audience.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The public presentation of copies of the resolutions unanimously agreed to at the last annual general meeting of the Society, recording the services of John Newman Harrison, Esq., as president, and Thomas Brewer, Esq., as honorary secretary of the Society, took place in the minor hall, Exeter Hall, on Friday evening, October 29th, after the rehearsal, which for this purpose, terminated at nine o'clock precisely. The attendance of members, assistants, and subscribers was invited.

The resolutions, which, by direction of the committee, were written on vellum and illuminated by Mr. C. Driver, and richly bound by Mr. R. Riviere, a member of the Society, were to the following effect:—

"That this meeting present their hearty thanks to the president John Newman Harrison, Esq., for the zealous service he has rendered to the Society from its establishment to the present time: congratulating him, as one of its promoters and original officers, upon his association therewith for more than twenty-five years past, and trusting that he may be spared to preside over it for many years to come—the Society regarding his association therewith for more than twenty-five years with heartfelt gratification."

"That this meeting tender to the honorary secretary, Thomas Brewer, Esq., their best thanks for his services during the past year; and desire to express their deep sense of the advantages derived by the Society from his having continuously held the same office during the entire period of its existence, now extending to upwards of a quarter of a century, and their trust that the day may be far distant which shall deprive the Society of the benefit of his valued experience and counsel."

BRIGHTON—(*From a Correspondent*).—Herr Kuhe's concert, on Thursday evening the 28th ult., inaugurated our musical season with *éclat*. The large rooms of the Town Hall were completely filled. Herr Kuhe provided an unusual amount of attraction. The principal artists were Miss Dolby, Miss Louisa Vinning, Madlle. Finoli, Mr. Sims Reeves, M. Jules Lefort Signor Piatti, Madlle. Sophie Humler, and the Swedish National Singers. Herr Kuhe played with Signor Piatti a duo for violoncello and piano, by Mendelssohn, a *fantasia* of his own composition on airs from *Martha*, and Wallace's "Home, sweet Home," in all of which he was enthusiastically applauded and recalled. Miss Louisa Vinning sang with great effect her "stock" cavatina "Tacea la notte," and a charming new ballad by Balfé, "I'm not in love, remember," in which her archness and vivacity had ample scope, and the applause she received was well merited. Sims Reeves sang "Oh, 'tis a glorious sight" (*Oberon*) magnificently. In "Phoebe, dearest," being encored, he substituted "Come into the garden, Maud." Miss Dolby and M. Jules Lefort sang several songs with great effect, and Madlle. Sophie Humler's performances on the violin were much admired. The Swedish Singers sang several times during the evening. Signor Li Calsi and Mr. J. G. Calcott accompanied the vocal music. This concert was one of the best ever given in our town by Herr Kuhe.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. Charles Kean, like Justice, never sleeps; the flag of Progress is his banner—"Move on" his motto. Five years ago he produced *Macbeth*—the most colossal of Shakspeare's romantic dramas—at the little theatre in Oxford-street. The *mise-en-scène* was magnificent—not to be surpassed—so the London critics avouched; the force of art and research could no further go—so the best and most antiquarian judges insisted. Was Mr. Charles Kean satisfied? No. He smiled at the antiquarians, and laughed at the critics, knowing well he had only done half what he might have done, under other circumstances, for the play. The revival of 1858 has far transcended the production of 1853. *Macbeth* not only shines with greater splendour now than it did before, but archeology and chronology and many other "ologies" have combined to demonstrate that all previous performances of *Macbeth* have sinned in costume, both in dress and scenery, and that, for the first time Shakspeare's mighty drama is represented as the poet himself would have loved to see. Association is the only stumbling-block to a universal appreciation of Mr. Charles Kean's magnificently faithful revival. Take the banquet-scene, for instance. Who that remembers the splendid saloon in which Mrs. Siddons was wont to dismiss her guests, graceful as a swan who by a wave of her head bids her callow cygnets go and provide for themselves; or Macready, who by the terrible reality of his countenance was wont to affright even Banquo himself in his ghostship, can accommodate his early impressions to the low, lightless room, the unstucoed walls, the rude decorations, the grim-visaged Thanes, more hirsute than aristocratic? Yet such is the triumph of truth over imagination. The pageant of fiction fades before the eye, and fact stands revealed in all its repulsive but necessary lineaments. The dream of poesy is fled to the gods, and all that remains behind is of the earth, earthly.

"HARMONY AND COUNTERPOINT."

BY A JUGGLED STUDENT.

(Picked up by a Printer's Devil.)

It was during the Middle Ages, when all sorts of cruelty and barbarity were practised, that a man was deprived of his wife by pirates, who carried her off during his absence. His rage and revenge knew no bounds; he was determined to discover who were the instigators of the crime, and, in order to do this, he invented every kind of horrible and cruel tortures to make them confess. With all this he was still unsuccessful in obtaining the information he required, for his dreadful tortures generally ended in the death of the innocent victims. Then, in his fury, he exclaimed, "There is yet one more suffering which shall be endured to satisfy my revenge,—one which shall not kill, but shall pursue my victims through all ages of civilisation—compared to which death itself would be a blessing."

This last torture was then invented, and still exists under the name of

"HARMONY AND THOROUGH-BASS."

ANON.

A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.—Some time ago the director of the Conservatoire appointed a commission to examine into the merits of a new instrument, called the Baryton. The members of the commission, MM. Auber, Halévy, Pauseron, and Meifred, expressed high satisfaction with the invention, which was by M. Lacome du Harve. The Baryton is an instrument of the violin tribe, midway in size and compass between the viola and the violoncello. Its four strings are tuned octaves to the corresponding strings of the violin; and its compass is thus lower by a fourth than the viola, and higher by a fifth than the violoncello. It is held and played like the latter instrument, so that the violoncello performers can easily play upon it. Its tone has a special *timbre*, which strikes the ear, and is perfectly distinct from that of the viola or of the violoncello; and thus (said the reporters) instrumental music has acquired a new organ, which, in the quintet and the quartet, will vary the effects and add a new speaker to the dialogue of instruments. It is evident, too, from what was said, that to the violoncellist it will be an addition to his own instrument; for, from its being struck exactly an octave below the violin, it will throw open to the player all the beautiful music, written for the pianoforte and violin, by Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, and other great masters.

[What has become of this new invention?—ED.]

LIVERPOOL.—Last night the Philharmonic Society gave an extremely interesting concert. It was the ninth of the series, and devoted entirely to the *Athalie* of Mendelssohn and the *Engedi* of Beethoven. The verses in *Athalie* were spoken by Mr. Greenbank; and the music of Beethoven's *Christus am Elberge*, given to the words by Dr. Hudson which embody the persecution of David by the king; so great an improvement on the original words that it may be said the *Mount of Olives* will be hereafter known as *Engedi*. The first went very charmingly, and considering the requirements of the latter it deserved praise. Such works, however, are not popular with the mass of subscribers, and consequently the concert was on the whole less warmly received than it deserved to be. We hope to return to it and the *Messiah* on Saturday.—*Liverpool Courier*.

NOTTINGHAM SUBSCRIPTION-CONCERTS OF CHAMBER MUSIC—*(From a Correspondent)*.—The first of a series of ten concerts took place at the Assembly Rooms on Friday evening, the 22nd October. The programme included Mozart's second stringed Quartet (in D minor), Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, Alexander Fesca's fifth Pianoforte Trio (in B), and Mendelssohn's first published work, the Pianoforte Quartet in C minor. The music was performed with spirit, energy, and in perfect good taste, and was listened to most attentively by a large circle of amateurs, *dilettanti*, and professional men. These concerts have become the rallying-point of all true lovers of music, and promise to exercise the most beneficial influence upon the practice and appreciation of the choicest works of the great masters.

BRADFORD.—A concert was given on Monday evening, the 18th Oct., in St. George's Hall, by the Festival Choral Society. Notwithstanding the adverse state of the weather, the rain pouring down all day, the audience numbered upwards of 3,000 persons, and, with the exception of the stalls, all the parts of the house were well filled. The vocalists were Miss Wheatier, Miss Freeman, Miss Z. Illingworth, Mr. Northrop and Mr. Coates. Mr. J. Burton presided at the piano, and played Wallace's "Home, sweet Home," as a solo.

TARIFF FOR CRINOLINE.—According to the *Courrier de Charleroi* the lessees of dancing saloons in Belgium complain bitterly of the falling off in their receipts, occasioned by the extra space now occupied by the crinolines. An instrument called the "Crinolimetre," has consequently been adopted by some of them, and persons whose crinolines surpass a fixed development are charged an extra admission fee. At a ball given on Sunday last at Montigny, one female was measured and charged an extra seventy-five centimes; another person, of an economic disposition, preferred reducing her crinoline by taking out two hoops!

QUITE A BORE.—The Duke of Ventignano is an author very celebrated upon the stage of Italy. His *Medea*, and many other of his pieces, will live. He is respected, esteemed, praised; he is rich, he is single, he enjoys wonderful health. In fine, he has all that a man can have in order to be happy. But he has the misfortune to be a *gettatore*—one afflicted with the evil eye,—so says the superstitious, and, of course, every evil is laid on that malady. On the falling-in of the tunnel under the heights of Pizzofalone, the house which first fell was one which the Duke had occupied about a fortnight. Forced to look for another, he could find none; not a person in Naples would let him an apartment. At last, M. Storrace, a barrister, of strong mind, consented to do so. A few days after he died of apoplexy. The stories of a similar kind told of the Duke can be counted by hundreds. When his *Medea* was played at the theatre of the Fiorentini, the actors stipulated that he should not be present. The Duke accordingly remained at home. At the end of each act a messenger brought him news of the progress of the piece. The applause went on increasing, said the reports. The author bore his triumphs in tranquillity until the fourth act was over; then, unable any longer to restrain his impatience, he rushed to the theatre, arriving in time to show himself upon the stage. Public opinion at once veered round, and the public would not listen to the fifth act. Three days after the house was burnt down, and one of the actors died. At the representation of another piece the actress La Marchionni caught an inflammation of the lungs, which brought her within an inch of the grave. Upon a different occasion, a different actress was similarly unfortunate; and one poor girl, who was to have been married to a prince, lost her husband before she had gained him. Every time the Duke's pieces are played it rains, or it is oppressively hot, or there is a hurricane, or there are too many mosquitos, or some accident is sure to happen.

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(From the "Sixteenth Annual Report.")

NOTWITHSTANDING the disastrous consequences of the commercial crisis, which occurred just at the beginning of the season, and in view also of the excellent concerts which were given by the manager of the Academy, under the name of "Philharmonic Concerts," during last winter, we have, under the circumstances, met with great and unexpected success, for both the rehearsals and the concerts of the Society were fully attended—a fact which proves that the general interest felt in our institution, on the part of the subscribing, associate, and professional members is more deeply rooted than has been supposed by many, and cannot as easily be undermined as may have been hoped by some. Our orchestra has been steadily increased from season to season, so that now we count from eighty to ninety performing members; while at the first concert of the society, on December 7, 1842, at the Apollo Saloon, only fifty performers constituted the orchestra. In point of ability, we are happy to state that nearly all the most prominent resident instrumentalists form now a part of the society, thereby insuring the production of orchestral effects which no other institution of the city or in the whole United States, affords. The principal feature of our concerts, the performance of symphonies and overtures by the orchestra, has been faithfully carried out, as will be seen by a reference to the programmes of the season. We have performed standard works of the old masters, as well as those of more modern date, and among the names of the composers will be found those of Beethoven, Weber, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Hiller, Richard Wagner, Lindpaintner, Nicolai, &c., &c. In regard to the solo performers, we have endeavoured to obtain the best talent available, both vocal and instrumental; but it must be borne in mind that we labour in this respect under great disadvantages, from the well-known fact that celebrated artists, who pass the winter in our city, invariably come here under a previous engagement with some operatic manager, by which they are debarred from appearing at any other than the manager's own public performances. For instance, during the last season the services of Messrs. Vieuxtemps, Thalberg, and Formes were promised, but could never be obtained when an opportunity for making good the promise presented itself. It is the intention of the board of directors not to spare any efforts during the coming season, to fill out the programmes with as interesting vocal and instrumental solos and concerted pieces as it may be possible for them to procure.

The number of subscribing members during the past season were 1,490, who are classified as follows: 1254 associate members, 24 subscribers, and 212 professional members—a higher number than at any previous season, with the exception of the last but one. The dividend declared this year is 80 dollars for each performing member, a remuneration not very considerable for attendance at four concerts, sixteen public and eight private rehearsals, and eight business meetings.

For some time past a wish has been expressed by many members that the society might give more than four concerts; in accordance with which the board of directors, ever desirous to please the patrons of the society, have concluded, with the consent of the actual members, to give, during the coming season, five instead of four concerts, with the usual number of rehearsals, without increasing the price of subscription. At the same time, it has been found necessary to pass a regulation to the effect, that henceforth all subscriptions must be paid in advance.

A matter of the greatest importance—the selection of a suitable hall for our performances during the coming season—is unhappily at the present moment not yet settled, but due notice will be given as soon as an arrangement shall have been completed. The lessor of the Academy having declared, that on no account will he allow the Philharmonic Society again to occupy the said building—for reasons which the reader must deduce for himself, as they are not known to us—our choice remains between Cooper's Institute, Burton's, or Niblo's Theatres, and the City Assembly Rooms, one of which places will probably be selected until a regular Music Hall, so much needed in our city, shall have been built.

At a meeting of the actual members, held April 7, 1858, it was decided, in view of the constantly increasing labours of the Board of Directors, and in consideration of the much wider sphere of action of our association at the present time, to augment the board by adding four members to the present number of seven. The different officers will remain the same as heretofore, but instead of two Assistant Directors there will be six.

Finally, we should not leave unnoticed a fact which must fill with pride and satisfaction every one that feels an interest in the success of our society, as an institution to promote the cause of art, to create an intelligent appreciation of, and diffuse a refined taste for, the higher

class of music among the people at large. We refer to the establishment of a Philharmonic Society, during the last year, in our neighbouring city of Brooklyn, which undoubtedly owes its origin to the mother institution of New York, and which has our very best wishes. Similar societies have sprung into existence in many of our western cities, and have been established after the model, and with the tendencies, of our own Philharmonic Society. All success to them! and may we not be found wanting in setting them the example, for many years to come, of a high-toned, truly artistical institution, ever progressing in the right direction.

THEODORE EISFELD.

It is scarcely within the scope of our journalistic duties to detail the sad particulars of the loss of the ill-fated steam ship "Austria." An event of such calamitous import travels through the length and breadth of the land with the evil speed of misfortune, and far outstrips our tardy issue. What hearths have been rendered desolate, what cheerful homes blighted, what loving hearts stilled, it is not for us to tell. Man's struggle with the waves has been marked with no such catastrophe as this.

A city plunged in sorrow and gloom weeps mournfully for the lost. A few, and a few only, are privileged to rejoice—those whose friends have been snatched from the jaws of death and rendered back to their kindred, haggard with remembrances of the fearful ordeal. Such a one is Mr. Theodore Eisfeld—the conductor of our Philharmonic Concerts. It is well known that this esteemed gentleman has struggled long with the destroyer. Feeble health has compelled him to visit Europe each season, and hope has trimmed her lamp anew in the gentle gales of the Fatherland. There was nothing remarkable in the case, but it seemed cruel and heartrending that one who thus struggled for life should have it snatched from him at the moment when it seemed within his grasp. It was known that he was a passenger on the "Austria," and there was scarcely a hope for his safety. An excessively nervous temperament and a feeble habit of body seemed to deny to Mr. Eisfeld the poor resources of his situation. When, therefore, the news came that he was indeed among the saved, it occasioned not only joy but surprise. He was taken off the burning wreck by the brig "Maurice," and is now probably at Fayal.

It is no time to triumph over the beneficent mercy vouchsafed to Mr. Eisfeld, howsoever it may gladden our heart. But it is not, we trust, the wrong opportunity to congratulate our readers on the rescue of a worthy gentleman with whom they have been long and intimately acquainted.—*New York Musical World.*

IL TROVATORE IN SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—A splendid house greeted Mr. Cooper's opera troupe at Music Hall, last night, mostly of our own citizens, though a few faces from the towns around were visible; and the performance must be regarded as an eminent success. The orchestra was small, but it was good and well managed. The choruses were "sparsely populated," but that was got along with, and excusable under the circumstances. But the leading parts more than atoned for whatever there may have been of deficiency in the other departments. Miss Milner, as Leonora, was excellent. She was not, perhaps, up to the mark in her acting, and yet she managed to give charming expression to her language, and to satisfy all. She exhibited more vocal power than we had supposed she was capable of, and, in her more ornate passages, displayed that charming facility and brilliancy of execution which only can be achieved by rare native faculty and the most thorough training. Mrs. Holman, as Azucena, acted well. Her voice is worn, and only on the lower notes displayed good quality and satisfactory power. Mr. Miranda's Manrico was an excellent performance. His voice is fresh and of fine quality, his acting fine, and his adaptation to the part unquestionable. His singing in the third act was one of the best performances we remember to have heard for a long time. The audience fully appreciated this, and called him before the curtain to receive their compliments. Mr. Guilmette's Count was good. We are not prepared to say yet that he is capable of making an enthusiast of us. His voice is firm, of good quality, and respectable power,

His acting is good, but we did not find ourselves drawn irresistibly into sympathy with him, which, with the uninitiated, must stand, in the stead of the intelligent judgment of the *connaisseur*. Mr. Rudolphson, as Ferrando, did all that was necessary for him to do, we suppose. On the whole, the performance was a success, and the house, ditto—so much so that we are to have another treat in the same line on Thursday night. We are then to have the second and third acts of the *Bohemian Girl* and the second act of *Lucia di Lammermoor*.—*Springfield Republican*, Oct. 18.

A CHORAL SERVICE IN MADRAS CATHEDRAL.—On Thursday evening, the 9th September, an attempt was made at the cathedral of Madras to perform a choral service. It is worthy of note as being the first time such an attempt has been made. It took place in celebration of the opening of a new organ, built by Messrs. Hill and Co., and set up at an expense of £1,200, or thereabouts. The organist is a musician who has only lately arrived from England, and made the organ appear to great advantage. The choir was composed chiefly of amateurs, including ladies. It mustered sufficiently strong to be divided into Decani and Cantoris. The singing was not unworthy of choir having greater pretensions. The Psalms were chanted to Jacobs in A; the service, Nares in F; the anthem, "Blessed be Thou," in B flat, Kent; and Spohr's "As pants the hart" was sung before the sermon, the solo part being taken by a lady. The choral service was incomplete, in that the priest did not intone the prayers. A sermon appropriate to the occasion was preached, after which a collection was made to defray some of the expenses connected with the organ.—*Manchester Courier*.

THE EMPEROR OF BELLS.—At the foot of the tower (Kremlin, Moscow) stands on a granite pedestal the Tzar Kolokol, or Emperor of Bells, whose renown is world-wide. It was cast by order of the Empress Anne, in 1730, but was broken seven years afterwards, through the burning of the wooden tower in which it hung. It is a little over twenty-one feet in height, twenty-two feet in diameter at the bottom, weighs 120 tons, and the estimated value of the gold, silver, and copper contained in it, is 1,500,000 dollars. In one of the lower stories of the tower hangs another bell, cast more than a century before the Tzar Kolokol, and weighing sixty-four tons. Its iron tongue is swung from side to side by the united exertions of three men. It is only rung thrice a year, and when it speaks all other bells are silent. To those who stand near the tower, the vibration of the air is said to be like that which follows the simultaneous discharge of a hundred cannon. In the other stories hang at least forty or fifty bells, varying in weight from thirty-six tons to a thousand pounds; some of them are one-third silver. When they all sound at once, as on Easter morn, the very tower must rock on its foundation. In those parts of Russia where the Eastern Church is predominant, no other sect is allowed to possess bells. In Austria the same prohibition is extended to the Protestant churches. The sound of the bell is a part of the act of worship, and therefore no heterodox tongue, though of iron, must be permitted to preach false doctrine to half the city.—*Bayard Taylor*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THE MUSICAL DIRECTORY, REGISTER, AND

ALMANACK for 1859, being in the course of preparation, Messrs. RUDALL, ROSE, CARTE, and Co., request the favour of information from Members of the Musical Profession and Trade, and from the Secretaries of Musical Societies, on the various heads embraced by the work. The heads remain as follows:—1. Almanack, with Musical data and blank spaces. 2. List of Musical Societies throughout the Kingdom. 3. Musical Transactions of the past year. 4. The Names of Professors, Music-sellers, and Musical Instrument Manufacturers, throughout the kingdom, with their addresses, etc. 5. List of Music (copyright only) published between the 30th November, 1857, and the 30th November, 1858. Price 1s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 8d.; leather covers, 2s. extra. 20, Charing Cross.

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MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.—The Publishers of the Musical Bouquet having issued two numbers of that work containing some of Moore's Melodies, the Proprietors of the Copyright in the Melodies have complained of the infringement of their Copyright occasioned thereby, but have refrained from taking legal proceedings in consideration of the Publishers of the Musical Bouquet having withdrawn the objectionable numbers from circulation. Notice is hereby given, that legal proceedings will be commenced against all persons selling any numbers of the Musical Bouquet or any other work containing any of Moore's Melodies, the Copyright of such Melodies being the property of Messrs. Longman and Co.; and the only editions of the Melodies that can legally be sold are those published by Messrs. Longman and Co., or by them jointly with Messrs. Addison and Hime. Longman and Co., 39, Paternoster-row. October 19, 1858.

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